# American Speed and Movies Please Ibanez

# The Spanish Novelist Has Already Found Material Here for Two New Volumes

By Solita Solano IBANEZ, novelist extraorcowboy, sailor, Commander novelist. of the Legion of Honor, revolution- "Several film companies want my

A red and brown muffler encircled While the novelist had been talk-

they were muscular and quick with and without appointments. nervous energy that is the keynote 'Dispenseme, Don Vicente' of this man and without which he

stuffed chair, hunching his shoulders a "Dispenseme, Don Vicente"-

by way of establishing relations.

a fit of coughing.

"I landed only two weeks ago, but Mrs. James W. Gerard. I had already learned of North out with polite phrases and a de- black-rimmed spectacles. weather, like the European interview. Your interviewer asks, 'Born?' and writes down the answer, 'Spain.' tain pen?" 'Do you like spinach?" When will you have a republic in met an interviewer like that in hands through his black hair. North America, but that is, I suppose, because the newspapers here I New Novel have special interviewers for for-

## Into the Movies

have your news. Your secretary said you had some."

"Rather wonderful news, I think," said Blasco Ibáñez, excitedly.

"My 'Blood and Sand' is to be done into a play and Lionel Barrymore, who is, I understand, one of your best actors, will have the rôle of the bullfighter. Then it will be made into a cinema and Mr. Barrymore will act in that also. The contract is as good as made."

"How splendid! You like moving pictures, then, and approve of He lived in the dust of the libraries.

could there be to reach the people? ray of sunshine cast into his I have had some experience already cloistered life. She was poor. He with the cinema. When my 'Four had a certain amount of money.

(What the novelist referred to here is that the foreign film propass our National Board of Censor- silence.

case is the same. Foreign films ICENTE BLASCO are not shown in America except in rare instances.)

The United States is always dinary, soldier of fortune, called "North America" by the

ist and the founder of a city, sat in books from which to make scenarios a small room of the Hotel Belmont and I am negotiating with them. If nursing a cold. This he was doing I have a success with these pictures I shall come here every year with after the usual formula followed by new works for the cinema. This foreigners, who believe that all mal- country is so young and so immense adies come from sitting in a "cur- that it has already given me in-With all windows closed and steam Spanish woman who comes to this sizzling from the radiators, the distinguished Spaniard was huddled in Her point of view is one of the a chair. A winter overcoat was but- themes of the novel-I say one of toned tightly over his broad chest, the themes because I have always

his throat. A cap was pulled down ing there had been interruptions at over his ears. The temperature of half minute intervals. The telephone the room was easily a hundred de- near his head renewed its ringing grees, but the hands of Blasco each time the secretary replaced the Ibáñez were thrust up his coat-questing that the famous writer sleeves in the same manner in which speak to such and such a publisher, a monk folds his arms in the sleeves a lecture bureau, a film company He arose to greet me and ex- lion. Bellboys knocked at the door bearing messages, letters and teleclaimed, "How agreeable to have an grams. In the hall chairs were beinterview in Spanish!" He withdrew ing placed for newspaper interhis hands from their shelter. I saw viewers and photographers, with

could never have written in a bare Ibáñez was to all appearances obthree months such voluminous nov- livious. His ability to concentrate els as "The Four Horsemen of the enabled him to ignore the clamor Apocalypse" or "Mare Nostrum." for his attention-except at such Apologizing for wearing his cap, times as his secretary, deeming it he reseated himself in his great touched him gently on the arm with

and retaining this posture with the Blasco Ibáñez was relaxing. Evirigidity of an eagle watching from dently the appalling heat of the a lofty perch, motionless but for the room had penetrated even that overeyes, alive with light and missing coat of heavy cloth. His hands had deserted his coatsleeves and his shoulders had descended three "First your news," I suggested, inches from his ears. He was just | beginning a story of how Anatole "News first. Yes, that would be France said to him, "The day you an American requirement," he re-the birth of the most interesting the time-honored pen and ink—the plied, and laughed himself out of novel in the world," when the secre- consecrated paper and the sanctified all semblance to an eagle and into tary halted the tale by handing him ink that have ever been the medium

America's speed and business effi- lightedly. He rose and, forgetting the daily quota of words from brain ciency. Also I had heard about the the process of his cure, pulled off to paper. The pen-and-ink tradition American interview. It is not drawn his cap and snapped on a pair of is sacred in the eyes of Blasco

the week-before-last's "Now, how did they

He seated himself at his desk to

spiration for two novels. My new

To this hubbub and bustle Blasco

FTER he had reached fifty-

an invitation to dine with Mr. and of the masters of literature. No such modern contraption as a type-"They've written me in Span- writer or a stenographer had ish!" exclaimed Blasco Ibáñez, de- assisted in the task of transferring to walled about from the attacks of said that Blasco Ibái

Two photographs

of Vicente Blasco

Ibanez, now in

America for the

first time

kind, bore signs of the weariness of to him. protracted labor and much too little

As the novelist was writing his "The face of a man who has turning to his arm chair oppo- flict of souls. note I noticed under his hand scat- thought hard, worked hard, lived site me. tered sheets of his new novel, "The hard and enjoyed all of it," I "That makes me happy. Spanish known everywhere in the world, and genius of such writers as Dostoïev- against oppression and was thrust work until 1. I lunch and rest until

Ibáñez. It is a tradition that is courtier to fair ladies. It has been in anything, and whose only fault is cian. How much literature does novelist aloud. "Let them all wait. On "Now, how did they happen to know Spanish and that I don't know modernity with immemorial and ried because the task of choosing music, literature. Our taste for one pretty adorer from the many painting is unsurpassed, and as the country of the proportion to its popu. Classic custom.

One pretty adorer from the many painting is unsurpassed, and as who spoiled him was too great. His every one knows, our art is of the lation than any other country. Most about my early life."

"More in proportion to its popu. I was to great. His every one knows, our art is of the about my early life."

"More in proportion to its popu. I was to great. His every one knows, our art is of the about my early life."

nar- her poverty. Take our painting, Spain produce?"

Enemy of Woman." These, care- thought, and smiled as I recalled is a wonderful language and Spain you can hear it running underneath sky." "No," I said firmly; "but let us fully paragraphed and punctuated, tales of the writer in his rôle of is a wonderful country, not behind the music of all other countries, giv-

Educated? he next inquires. Quescutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the have no patience with that new madcutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the have no patience with that new madcutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Gecapable of infinite endeavor, the cutdone linguistically by the Geca ness that calls itself art. All Spain Cervantes the first realist in the alarm. 'nglish, "Mr. and Mrs." His attempt resulted in a "Mv. and Mvs.," hair, his aristocratic, aquiline nose and the cleft chin that imparts a called to the bellboy, who, lacking and cubists who only make a fool of world? With his 'Don Quixote' he A Life of Action Spain? follow. At least, that is and his secretary and I were called requisite softness to his strong strong strong shall to nicht and all to nicht all to nicht and all to nicht and all to nicht and all to nicht all to nicht and all to nicht and all to nicht and all to nicht all to nic what I have heard. I have not yet not consultation while he ran his features. The eyes, brown, keen and of the saw the note held out friends to see pictures and we have realist school. Of course, I am not all to-day and all to-night and still aided each other to guess if a cer- speaking of the Russian realism, not be finished. That is quite true, "Fancy the Gerards knowing tain picture was the skyline of a steeped in an insane melancholia. senorita. My life has been filled Spanish!" repeated Don Vicente, recity, a study in the nude or a con- Spain has passed through the fad with action and adventures. I was a for the Russian novel of the neu-flaming revolutionist, you know. I to resist fatigue. I begin to write "Our music? Spanish music is rasthenic type, but we cherish the made speeches and wrote articles at 8 o'clock in the morning and

# ing this music life. I remember when I went to visit the Sultan of In an Interview in His Own Tongue He Speaks as Freely as He Writes

it all the music lovers of Spain. And money is collected every month of a combination of Victor Hugo and and shook his head warningly, the year to bring to Madrid each Emile Zola?"

spring the best orchestras and virtuosi in Europe. Our zarzuelas are pleased.

## the most popular with the people, however, and at least three new ones Hugo His Idol

Turkey at Constantinople that I

heard Spanish music in his palace. Also, in Spain the better class of

music is beloved. The Concert So-

ciety of Madrid is a beautiful symphony orchestra and draws to hear

Ibáñez smiled broadly.

First Select the Girls

"Well, and didn't you like it?"

one-act operettas; four of them con- in Spain, yes. But I am unworthy and Spain went to war I was again stitute an evening's entertainment. to be compared to Victor Hugo. He in trouble, for I was on the side of We finish dinner there about half- is the writer of all those of this freedom for Cuba. When things bepast nine and then go to hear a one- earth for whom I have the greatest came too warm for me in Spain act opera. Long entertainments are admiration. In all my houses-I used to flee to South America and not popular, and no one would have have a house in Valencia, where I Paris. Sometimes I got away and the patience in my country to sit was born, a house in Madrid, a châ- other times I went to jail. I made through such lengthy musical come- teau in Malvarrosa in the Mediter- my first escape when I was twenty dies as you have here. By the way, ranean, a villa in Nice and a house two, and reached Paris in disguise. I saw one of these," and Blasco in the Rue Rennequin, Paris-are "How did you live?" I wanted to hung pictures of Victor Hugo in know. every room. In my dining room in "I have always managed to lim Paris I even have a painting of him, I have always had money, either a done on a large platter, which hangs very little or quite a good deal. But "I more than liked it. But am I on the wall opposite my chair. I always some. I was a cowboy in not right in supposing that you first look at him always. But I do not South America for six years in the select the girls, then the costumes deserve to be compared to him. Pampas. I made lecture tours in the and scenery, and lastly the He was a great writer and a great Argentine, too, going once with

"It might so appear to a musi- humility and patted down the locks gonia and named it Cervantes.

"Does your novel, 'La Bodega,' ex- living in cabins in the mean time press your personal convictions on My city is in existence to-day. the subject of prohibition?" I asked. must go to pay it a visit."

The novelist was thawing out under the effect of the steam at his An Impromp'u Map elbow. He unbuttoned the collar of He rose and came over to his overcoat. I was breathing in desk. He turned over a page of l gasps. The secretary took advan- novel, and on the back sketched the tage of the presence in the hall of streets, the railroad and the bust of reporters and photographers and Cervantes with such pride, perhaps popped out now and again into the as Romulus may have felt long arair. I frequently heard him assert, in similar circumstances and ter in careful English: "She won't stay tainly with more enthusiasm than b

that question," replied Blasco certain that Victor Hugo has writ Ibáñez, with twinkling eyes.

drink alcohol. One glass of wine at In displacing the sheets of "T dinner is enough for me. Tobacco is Enemy of Woman" Blasco Ibañe my failing, and at one time I smoked uncovered a volume of "Los Ar twenty Havana cigars a day. I hope gonautas," of which an English people will not think that drunken- translation will be ready in Janu ness is a national vice in Spain. In ary, It is a South American story some parts of the country there isn't and has as many pares, it seemed any wine at all."

of your early life, senor, if" dinary output. He laughed The secretary entered the room

The secretary cleared his throat

"Thirty times," repeated Blasco The novelist looked modestly Ibañez with emphasis, "It was to political offenses, and I am proud of are produced every week. They are | "They have compared me to Zela ties. And when the United States

> Blasco Ibañez bowed his head in turing. I founded a city in Pataof unruly hair that grow far back took to it six hundred Spaniards from his forehead. But they still Russians, Germans, Italians and men stood on end. This black hair, form- of many other nationalities to make ing itself into untidy locks, seems so the population. We laid out th much a part of Blasco Ibañez that streets in regular rows and there it is difficult to picture him with it was, of course, a plaza in the centre shorn, as he said it was during all of the city. There we placed a bust the occasions - some thirty - he of Cervantes. That bust and the spent in jail for early revolutionary railroad tracks were all there was o the town. Later we built houses

"My testimony has no value on discussed. It may be he feels it i ten better books, but that the

"It happens that I don't like to of Cervantes is still growing.

"I should like to hear something claimed again about his extraor "I can't even keep up with m with an air of determination and self," he said. "Already my next

whispered in the ear of Don Vicente. five or six novels are all worked out "It doesn't matter," answered the in my head, waiting to be written

Like Balzac, Blasco Ibañez writer

dinner and go back to my desk There I remain until two hours past midnight. Six hours' sleep is all I ever allow myself." "Then you do not have to tle your feet to the table legs like-was i

ing North America. Every one wants to know how I like New York

am willing. Do you like New York!"

## ORIGINAL—By Gabriel Volland

Translated by William L. McPherson

(Copyright, 1919, New York Tribune Inc.)

Here is a little story with an unusual touch of fancifulness and originality.

five M. d'Asemont married a very young woman. Her charm had suddenly flashed before his eyes, wearied by twentyfive years of scholarly research. Some one had recommended Marie "Entirely. What better means to him as a copyist. She was a

imagined it to be.

in a garden which an aged care- strange calm, an absolute silence. Horsemen' and 'Mare Nostrum' were filmed, I myself directed the mak-

He still owned an old house in the wife and the gruff voice of the huscountry, sombre and lonely, hidden discords. At last there was a

ing of these pictures. They cannot looks for his name and fortune. in order. They took refuge in this easy in mind, was raking a pathshown in this country, because But the latter was less substantial house, with the old gardener as way. Leaning out of a window M. no foreign films are admitted to than she, in her cupidity, had their only servant. Marie pro- d'Asemont called him. He entered tested. But, contrary to her ex- the house, leaving his big sabots at Once married, she multiplied her pectation, M. d'Asemont was im the door. He brought with him an clare that their products are boy- ated to object, fearing to displease aroused his sense of manhood. He garden after a sharp summer there will be dead leaves; in the walked about in the garden. His And no one could imagine that The secretary entered from the cotted in this country by exhibitors her. So his fortune shrank. recovered his authority. They in- shower. But another perfume, still winter there will be snow. So brain continually evoked the scene the betrayed and abandoned huswho are either jealous or prefer Presently she forgot her marriage stalled themselves as best they more penetrating, was exhaled from everything will be all right."

The new mode of existence lasted books. The top was open. Out of night before. That sudden silence, age to do it.

"Go and lock it and then"-"Then what?"

down to the bottom of the garden.

tober came and replaced the blood-suspected house. "To-night we two will carry it red petals with dead seaves.

Dig a hole there, broad and deep
He was paler and more stooping had learned by chance of her hus-"Yes, yes," stammered the gar-Every night the gardener had nightdener, already trembling with fright.

Every night the gardener and d'Asemont that night, describing an extended to buy a house here—nouse number ducers all over the world de- expenses. And he was too infatu- catastrophe which she had caused of earth and roses—the odor of a and plant roses in it. In the autumn ghost, bleeding and groaning,

than a centenarian. His wandering band's death and claimed his modest

d'Asemont had carried with him the with words that issue from my himself. He determined to hold on himself, as he said, was hard of dry as parchment, seemed to shake place and distrusting the police, he geance which had come after so word? I can't put them down said nothing. That night he helped many infidelities! The police were quickly enough. I pause now in the to bury the mysterious box. Pres- mystified. The gardener was un- middle of my new novel to give

a letter from the missing wife. She Aren't you going to ask me also?"

of violence and that which must band had wished to put in the box, gether and he was wringing his vows. While she enjoyed her illicit ould. But there was an evil flame within the room. It was that of the was a shown the have followed. Then he thought of not a dead body, but the phantom hands. on American films. American exhibitors state, on the other hand, hibitors state, on the other hand, at once of her maid and her adad gardener failed to see anywhere. Senor, and the description of his love, with all that equipment at once of her maid and her adad gardener failed to see anywhere. Senor, and the description of his love, with all that equipment at once of her maid and her adad gardener failed to see anywhere. Senor, and the description of his love, with all that equipment at once of her maid and her adad gardener failed to see anywhere. in the eyes of the woman, deprived good-looking young wife, whom the other repeated mechanically. His what he had done—he, the accom- of his love, with all that equipment "Señor, señor," he cried. "First it that the boycott is purely imaginary, He was a man with instincts of mirers. That double misfortune en
M. d'Asemont was there alone, at the thought of what he was to an anonymous letter to the police. and redoubtable. On that secret up. Then it was that they should beside an immense packing box for do. He imagined the drama of the But he couldn't screw up his courtomb he wanted to have fall the wait for you to take coffee and wrap ship, or were appropriate for the American public, or conformed to our high standards of photography our hig or directorship, they would gladly time since his marriage, his will scraps of it, although his cottage kept his eyes turned away from it. his master had had an unhappy him, started an investigation. They was some distance away and he He motioned to it, and his hand, married life. the same distance away and he He motioned to it, and his hand, married life. the same distance away and he he motioned to it, and his hand, married life. the same distance away and he he motioned to it, and his hand, married life. the same distance away and he he motioned to it, and his hand, married life. the same distance away and he he motioned to it, and his hand, married life. the same distance away and he he motioned to it, and his hand, married life. The pointer, this master had had an unhappy him, started an investigation. They which is the shroud of forgetful-ness. He was an original.

gun to rot. They emptied it. It Browning? Or have your clothing was filled with delicate fripperies, locked up, like Victor Hugo? Not with those thousand and one im- grope for a word seven hours at ponderable things which caress the time, like Flaubert?" body instead of covering it. But Dios mio, no. I love my work there was no corpse. The house and and am like one possessed while I garden were ransacked in vain. M. cover innumerable sheets of paper ently the rose bushes flowered. Oc- willing to stay any longer in the lecture tour, to make business with